

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London
January 27, 1943



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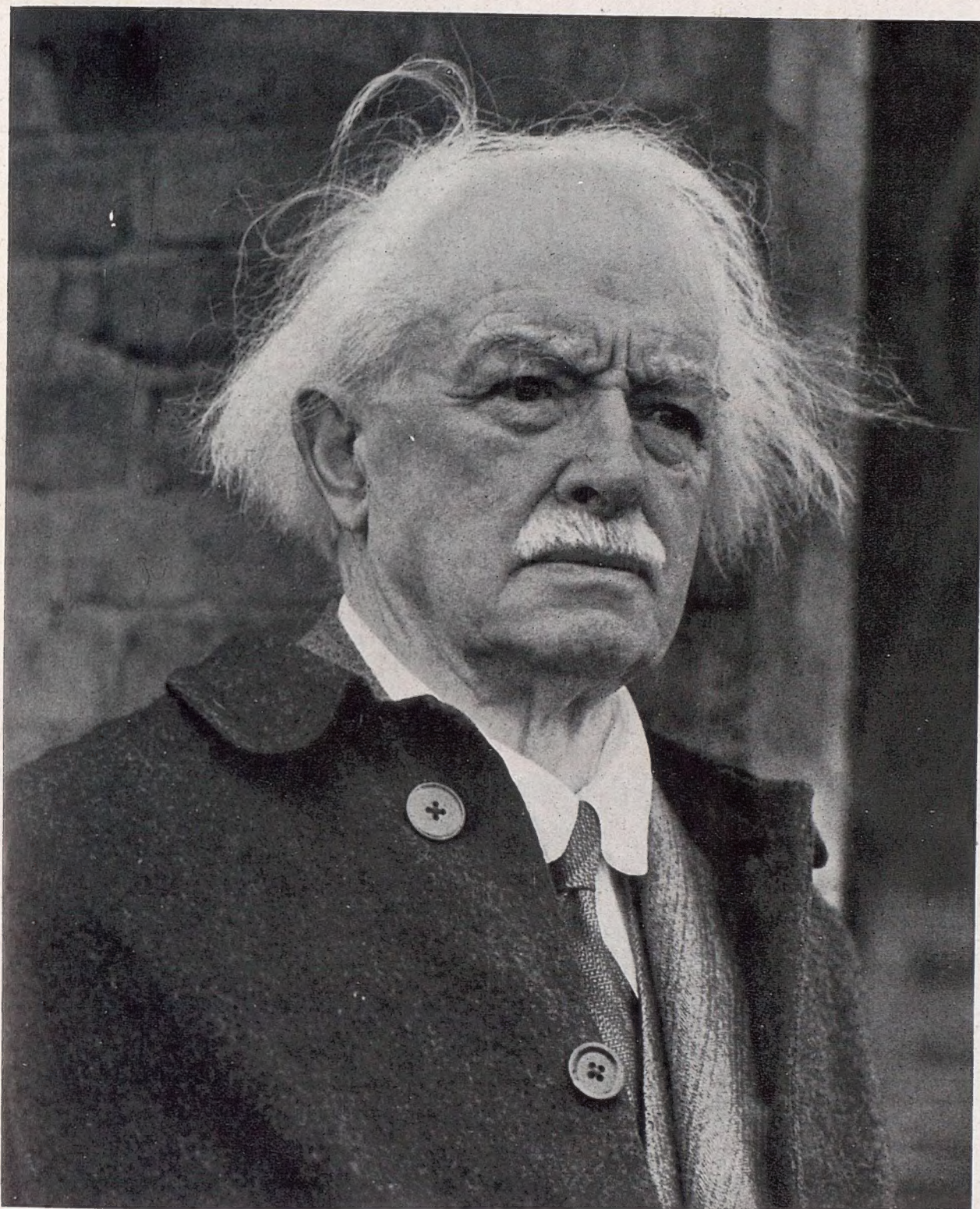
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and BYSTANDER

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Father of the House of Commons

Mr. David Lloyd George celebrated his eightieth birthday at Bron-y-de, Churt, this month, and was given an unforgettable reception when he entered the Chamber of the House of Commons a few days later. Congratulations and heartfelt good wishes were offered on all sides. Mr. Anthony Eden hailed him as "a great House of Commons man, who for over half a century had been a champion in its lists and whose courage and resolution had never failed." At this stage of World War II it is good to recall Mr. Lloyd George's notable services in leading the country through storm and stress in World War I. In the words of that great statesman, General Smuts, we gratefully remember his imperishable service and thank God for the gift and saving grace of his great historic leadership.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Progress

WE are promised that the North African political tangle will be unravelled soon, and some go so far as to say that it will be a pointer to the pattern of the peace. There is considerable optimism in American quarters, which is reflected to some extent, but not as wholeheartedly, in Whitehall. Undoubtedly, as I write, we are on the eve of big developments, and one can only be hopeful that they mean progress. The situation in North Africa continues to be most confusing. This may be due to the cries of the partisans who hold the stage at the moment and have no direct responsibility. Those who have the responsibility for hammering out a practical solution are naturally cautious and do not commit themselves beyond asserting their desire that French unity will be attained, and before long.

As was to be expected the appointment of M. Marcel Peyrouton as Governor-General of Algeria, has raised a howl in many quarters. He is described as a "man of Vichy," who made some rather tactless anti-British remarks when he was one of the early members of the Vichy Government, which was set up after the collapse of France. On the other hand, it is ascribed to his credit by some that he did oppose the leadership of Laval. But against this he did accept office as Vichy Ambassador to the Argentine. General de Gaulle's Fighting French spokesmen have declared that they cannot possibly co-operate with M. Peyrouton. Yet one would imagine that those who have been responsible for his appointment must have known what they were doing, even if they did not foresee the likely reactions in the

United States and in Britain. It is this kind of blindness to political sensitiveness which gives rise to the general impression that there has been some serious political muddled-thinking since the very inception of the North African venture. Again let me repeat the hope that the important discussions now taking place will lead to a statesmanlike clarification and a measure of political satisfaction everywhere. This may be a lot to expect, but Mr. Churchill is an indefatigable person when he makes a difficulty his personal problem. Neither effort, distance, nor danger mean anything to him in these circumstances; and so far his efforts and his travels have never been in vain.

Epic Story

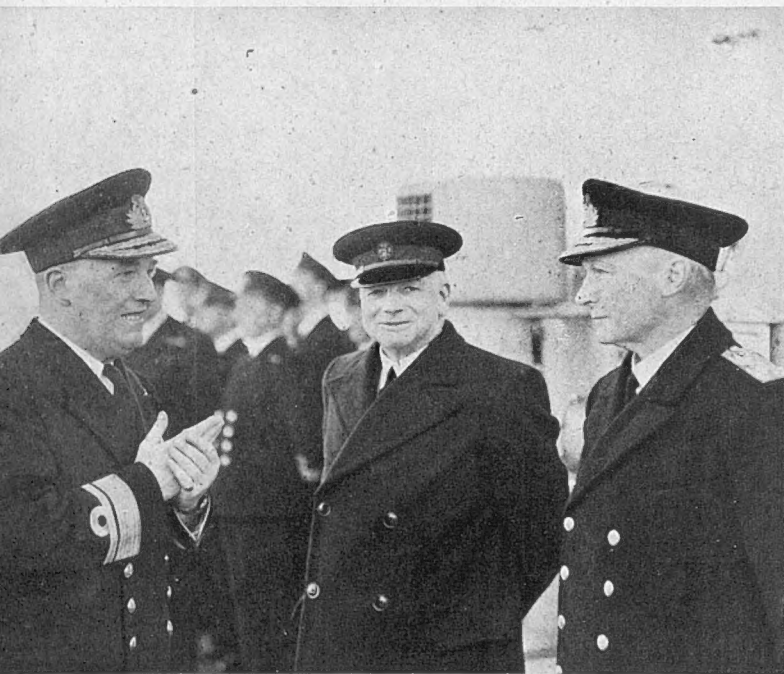
THE full story of the siege of Leningrad, which lasted so long, has not yet been told. It is an epic story of individual endurance and great military valour. The raising of the siege came as a glad omen and yet a further indication of the might and the power as well as the skill and judgment of the Russian High Command. The joy of the people of Stalingrad must have been indescribable. Last winter they suffered great hardships. Their food supplies, which had been stored in great quantities, were blitzed early in Hitler's offensive against the city. The cold was intense. People froze to death in their beds in thousands; more thousands died from starvation. But the resistance of the city never wavered, not even when the last cat was killed and eaten. It is an epic even in Russia's recent history, and no praise can be too high for those who lived, and those who died, to save the city.

Co-ordinated Offensive

THE relief of Leningrad shows quite clearly the working of the Russian military plans. Little by little the offensive is being co-ordinated right along the thousand-mile front. Hitler's men cannot rest, nor concentrate in vast numbers in any one sector because they do not know where the next blow is going to fall. Each time a Russian general disappears from the news they have been led to think that he has been sacked. Instead it is shown that he has invariably been sent to another and more important job. This applies to Russia's new Marshal Zhukov and the veteran Voroshilov. We may soon be hearing from Timoshenko, who like the others suddenly disappeared from the limelight. Not only the Germans, but all thinking men must wonder at the vastness of the Russian military machine, and its reserves of man-powered courage. Every day there is fresh and even more heartening news, and what is more remarkable, no sign of any slackening in the advance of the Russian armies. Hitler may well wonder what next.

Berlin Beginning

THE raids on Berlin by the British Air Force must be regarded as the beginning of the new air offensive promised by Sir Stafford Cripps not so long ago. By the force and determination behind these raids we can safely assume that, while the Russians press the Germans back and the armies of the United Nations pause before they pounce to clear the Mediterranean, Germany will be pounded relentlessly from the air as often and as fiercely as the weather permits. It is clear that Berlin was selected as the first target because of its psychological importance. Hitler's quick retaliation on London was a puny effort in comparison. In my opinion it indicates quite clearly his weakness. It is conceivable that he has no Luftwaffe reserves to call upon for a carefully planned and concentrated raid on a large scale. Otherwise he would have waited. It was necessary for him to act at once to bolster up German morale, and not merely to promise reprisals as he has done before. He may, of course, have some devilish plan in



The First Lord With the Home Fleet

Mr. A. V. Alexander (centre), First Lord of the Admiralty, paid a visit to the Home Fleet, and was received by Admiral Sir John Tovey, C-in-C. the Home Fleet. With them is Rear-Admiral R. L. Burnett, O.B.E., who commanded the escort vessels of an important convoy which reached Russia in September



The C-in-C. Home Forces Visits His Troops

General Sir Bernard Paget, C-in-C. Home Forces, watched men operating three-inch mortars while inspecting units of the South-Eastern Army. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-General J. G. des R. Swayne, who became G.O.C.-in-C. South-Eastern Command in September, succeeding General Sir Bernard Montgomery, now G.O.C. the Eighth Army

mind. From the United States Viscount Halifax has warned us that Hitler might use gas. If this threat is regarded seriously, one might ask why Mr. Herbert Morrison, as Minister of Home Security, has not warned the public to look once more to their gas masks.

Montgomery Moves

THE precision of General Montgomery's latest offensive shows once more his confidence as well as his careful planning. Obviously Rommel has not the reserves to enable him to face a stand-to fight. Presumably General Montgomery was aware of this all the time, and therefore paused to concentrate transport and supplies as near to the front line as possible for the moment when he was ready to spring. When he captures Tripoli, of course, supply problems will be easier, for as we saw at Benghazi, we have the men and the organisation to put the port into working order in record time. This is assuming that Rommel is not given time to do irreparable damage. But General Montgomery is moving so quickly that we are even impelled to think incautiously of the time when he reaches the borders of Tunisia. What will happen then? Will General Montgomery come under the orders of General Eisenhower, who is in charge at present of the Tunisian campaign, or will the remarkably successful British partnership of Generals Alexander and Montgomery be continued in Tunisia? It would in my opinion be a profound mistake to let them rest on their laurels at this time, because success reaps success, and if they are in a position to continue their drive, they should not be stopped.

Badly Burned

A WELCOME figure in London streets has been Lord Gort, Governor of Malta, who was Britain's Commander-in-Chief at the time of the French collapse. He has come to London for consultations as well as medical attention. In one of the air raids on Malta he was, as usual, in the thick of the fight. Trying to put out a fire, he got badly burned when a petrol tin exploded. A soldier had to put the fire hose on him to quell the flames, but not before our newest field-marshal was burned down the left side. It was like Lord Gort to make light of the incident, for he is a man of immense courage and energy, as was shown in the days before the Dunkirk evacuation and on the beach there itself. It would not surprise me if we do not hear more of Lord Gort in the days to come, when the offensive gets nearer to Germany.

Blackout Modification

IT was a strange coincidence that the government should have decided on some slight modifications of the blackout regulation at the same time as the Germans raided London. I am glad that Mr. Herbert Morrison has not been stampeded into any drastic changes. Granted that war production output might be speeded up by a partial lifting of the blackout, there is yet the human element to be taken into account. We can only win through to victory by recognition of real necessities. To lighten our darkness might be a pleasant prospect, but I am sure it would be most dangerous. There is, of course, the problem of blackout accidents, which is the cause of great concern to the authorities. But these are risks that must be taken. The improved lighting at stations and in railway carriages will be appreciated as the maximum concession to travellers who must use trains to and from business. Fortunately, the days are lengthening, the nights get lighter. Probably the authorities thought of this, too, when they announced their concessions.



The Polish Premier and C.-in-C. with His Staff

General Sikorski was photographed in London with members of his Staff. He recently returned from visiting the U.S.A. at the invitation of President Roosevelt. In the picture are, sitting: Lieutenant-General M. Kukieli, K.C.B., the recently appointed Minister of War Affairs, and a distinguished Polish historian; General Sikorski; and standing: Colonel Z. Borkowski, Chief of Military Cabinet; Captain "K," Chief of Naval Staff; Lieutenant "G," A.D.C.; General T. Klimecki, C.G.S.; and General S. Ujejski, Inspector of Air Force

Congratulations

ON his eightieth birthday Mr. David Lloyd George received congratulations from people and politicians of all classes, by letter, by telegram, by radio and in the newspapers. No man has been so honoured by the populace. They remembered that he was Britain's Prime Minister in the last war, the man who brought us victory. It is strange, therefore, that in his public utterances and interviews acknowledg-

ing his gratitude, Mr. Lloyd George, the statesman and man of affairs, did not find the opportunity to give the people of this country a message of hope and of encouragement, as well as to pay them a tribute for their resistance in this second world war. All we got was a gruff reminder in one interview to the effect that we had not yet come to grips with the enemy. Don't you think this is strange?



The Inspector-General, R.A.F., and Two of His Staff

Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté (centre), seen with Air Vice Marshal G. N. A. Baker and Group Captain C. W. Dickin, was recently appointed Inspector-General of the R.A.F. He had previously been Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Coastal Command, since 1941, and many times accompanied coastal crews on their patrols. His new job will entail the visiting of the various war theatres overseas

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

That's For Remembrance

By James Agate

THAT humblest of servants, your critic, oft-times so querulous, nay, tempestuous, is today in the best of tempers. He is smiling, chuckling even, reminiscently. He is thinking with pleasure of a good film he saw to-day. He re-acts the scenes in his mind's eye, he suffers with the hero and he tastes the joys of the happy ending with the gusto of a connoisseur in the far-off days of good wine.

THE film is *Random Harvest* (Empire). And what struck me first—and agreeably—was the high quality of the dialogue—terse, economical, never desultory. And turning to my programme I espied the words: "Based upon the novel by James Hilton." Excellent! And further on: "Screen play by Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis." I sank back comfortably in my chair, doubly reassured. Good Miss West, worthy Mr. George and delightful Arthur. All will be well with the talk, come what action or inaction there may. And I was right.

This is another escapist film, and personally, I find additional escape in being given well-seasoned sensible talk in place of the blither and blather which passes for dialogue in nine films out of ten. And then, there was a real story, not just a hotch-potch of episodes, more nilly than willy, built round the exploitation of some witless film-star. It tells of a shell-shocked British officer in the last war (Ronald Colman), who loses both speech and memory at the Battle of Arras and is sent to a Home for Mental Defectives somewhere in England—Medbury, if you wish to know. He gradually recovers his speech, but his memory plays him the strangest tricks. At one time he remembers his adventures in the war; then, after being knocked down by a cab in Liverpool, he recovers from this slight injury but totally forgets what has recently happened to him.

How before the cab accident, a sweet little girl (Greer Garson), a troupier in a travelling variety show, met him while he was wandering in the street, playing truant from the asylum. How she took him under her wing, how she left her company because they wouldn't take the poor man with them, how she looked after him, nursed him back to a stunning fluency of speech, how they fell in love and married, passed an idyllic time in a cottage in Devonshire, and how in due course a son was born to them. And how he wrote stories which were accepted and accepted until an offer of a permanent contract arrived by telegram from a publisher in Liverpool. How he went to that salubrious spa to meet the publisher, and how, issuing forth from his hotel, the afore-mentioned disaster with the taxi-cab took place. At this stage I could not help wondering—and this was aided by the unmistakable titterings in my immediate neighbourhood—how this nice couple had found the money for the cottage in Devonshire and for the professional nurse attending to mother and child, as the sweet girl could not have earned a king's ransom with the touring company and as far as we knew had no money of her own, while the officer walked out of the asylum, presumably with just enough money for a packet of cigarettes.

AFTER the cab accident he forgets Miss Garson but recollects his ancestral home. He now realises that he comes of a rich industrial family. He finds his way to the ancestral residence, hears that his father has just died, learns from the astonished and none-too-well-pleased family who have given him up for dead, that he is heir to the house and all appertaining thereto. Getting rid of the relations, he proceeds to occupy the house. But not knowing how to kill time he turns to commerce, manages his father's firm and becomes a Prince of Trade. Then he becomes

attached to another young woman (Susan Peters), who is in love with him, and becomes engaged. Then we are taken to his princely office where we discover that he has engaged a most efficient secretary. And who do you think she is. Bless my heart, nobody else but his ever-loving wife, whom, naturally, he doesn't recognise.

THIS amnesiac oddity is further complicated when he is saved from a bigamous marriage to Sweet Girl No. 2 by that young lady herself, who divines intuitively that her lover's mind clings dimly to the memory of someone he has loved in the past. So they break off the engagement, and Ronald suggests to his secretary that he and she marry, but that she is to be a wife in name only (are we never to hear the last of that hoary nonsense?). They marry a second time. He rises in the social scale, becomes Sir Somebody Something, becomes an M.P., and receives the Prime Minister. But Lady S.S. is unhappy. Not only is she a wife merely in name—in future I shall call any heroine in this predicament Lady S.O.S.—but her husband can't remember a darn thing about the past. She tries and tries. A blank, my lord! But finally the miracle happens, and he remembers the asylum somewhere in England, the tobacconist's shop, then this, then that, until he finds himself walking down the path that leads to the cottage in Devonshire. And lo and behold, the faithful wife has followed him all the way, not having gone to Buenos Ayres for a holiday as she intended—did she?—but sleuthing her spouse step by step.

He opens the cottage door. The place looks surprisingly clean, considering that it has not been occupied for years! And there, turning round, he beholds Greer at the gate. And Ronald, his memory now fully restored, cries "Greer," and in an ecstasy of reconciliation the pair embrace and the film ends. Or perhaps Charles called "Paula." This moving, lush, improbable story is acted with sincerity and conviction by an excellent cast. Ronald gives one of the best performances of his career; Greer makes the most of the wilting, lachrymose wife; and the other girl is given just the right touch of the hoyden by Susan Peters, an actress whose name is new to me, but who seems to act a bit.



Greer Garson and Ronald Colman in the Screen Adaptation of James Hilton's Novel "Random Harvest"

This film is now showing at the Empire, Leicester Square. It is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, and is fully reviewed by James Agate above. In the picture (left) a warm-hearted showgirl, Paula (Greer Garson), is seen nursing "Smithy" (Ronald Colman), a victim of amnesia following the last war, back to health and reason. Right: "Smithy" by now fully recovered in health but, on account of a road accident, with no remembrance of his life with Paula, gets engaged to a niece by marriage. Kitty, played by Susan Peters, a newcomer to the screen who, according to Mr. Agate, can act



Maria (Rita Hayworth), daughter of a wealthy South American hotel magnate, falls in love with the penniless New York dancer, Robert Davis (Fred Astaire)



Fred and Rita

Dancing Partners in "You Were Never Lovelier"

Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth are together again—this time in *You Were Never Lovelier*, directed by William A. Seiter and now showing for the first time in this country at the Gaumont, Haymarket. With such stars as these, dancing more brilliantly and spectacularly than ever, to the music of Jerome Kern the story itself is relatively unimportant. Sufficient to say that Rita Hayworth as Maria, daughter of South American magnate Adolphe Menjou, meets Bob Davis (Fred Astaire), falls in love, is disillusioned and finally finds her heart captured, dancing



Fred and Rita demonstrating "The Shorty George," reputed to be the most intricate dance number ever portrayed on the screen

Left: Maria's father, seeking to quench his daughter's schoolgirlish romanticism, sends her orchids and unsigned love letters (Mary Field, Rita Hayworth and Isobel Elsom)

The hotel magnate (Adolphe Menjou) is forced to give Bob a contract to dance in his hotel. In return Bob promises to dispel Maria's romantic illusions

Bob falls in love with Maria and disguising himself as young Lochinvar serenades her from his horse. Maria's romantic soul is touched and she dances away in his arms



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The House of Jeffreys (Playhouse)

WITH old-fashioned airs and a Dickensian chuckle or two, Mr. Russell Thorndike takes us back to 1880 and that world of gory make-believe whose most intrepid explorers are in the nursery. Not that his impulsive melodrama is meat for babes—far from it; but that its terrors are unstinted, its desire to make the flesh creep dispassionate, and its mysteries profound. Whether the flesh of adult playgoers will creep responsively is a point that may be left moot. To look for logical precision would be to insult a fantasia that takes improbability in its stride.

Yet Mr. Thorndike does so far pander to our weakness for plausibility as to draw and act, with agreeable idiosyncrasy, the character of the elderly Victorian manager of the publishing house of Jeffreys in which the action passes. And as he sits at his desk in the counting-house, reviewing the sales of bibles with his secretary, and speculating in the possible effects of Miss Georgina's return from the mission field to take over her dead uncle's business, he insinuates this character into our affections while patiently launching the plot. We like the old man, and are charmed by his impersonation. And when Georgina's advance guard and factotum arrives, the decent-minded among us, though possibly surprised, do not bristle with scepticism, but indulge the nursery spirit that then takes charge. Besides, we know that Georgina is to be none other than Dame Sybil Thorndike, with whom wonders never cease.

This advance guard is black, but far from comely. He is a converted cannibal, and his name is Sabbath: Tattooed and taciturn, he concedes nothing to the prejudices of publishing-house society, but keeps as firm a hold on his tongue as on his hand luggage. This

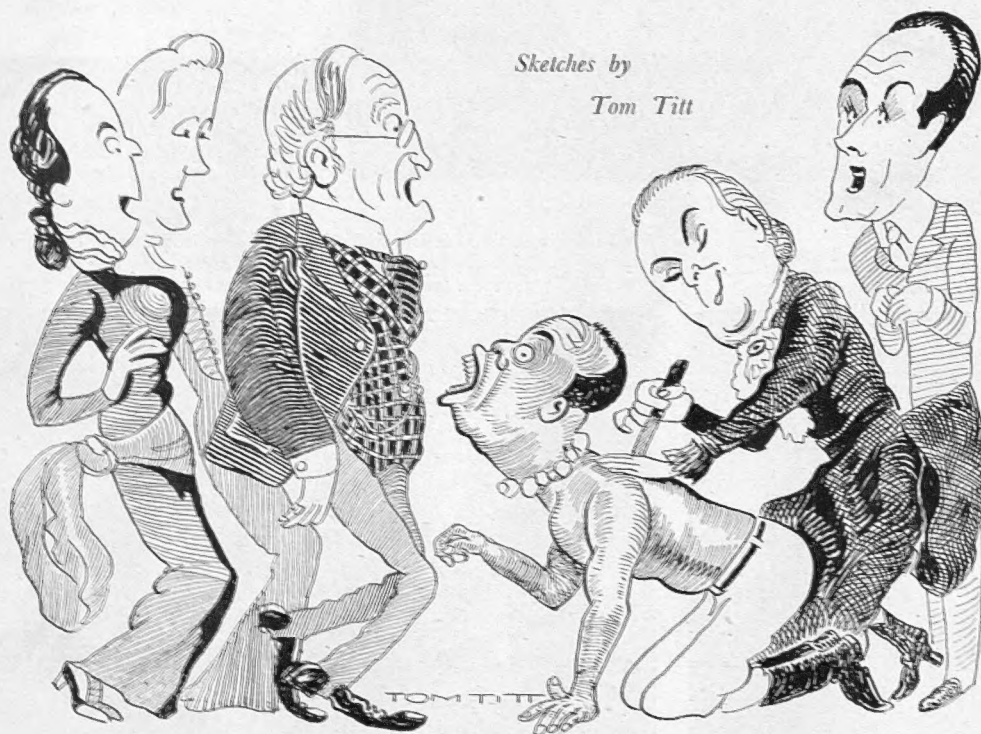


Back in England after thirty years in Africa, Georgina intends to purge civilisation of its frivolities. She starts to work on Jane Poole (Rosemary Scott)

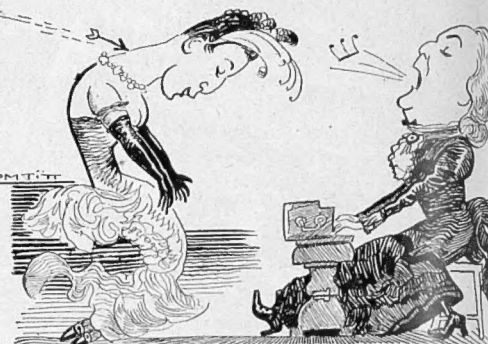
consists of a portable harmonium, a strong-box of uncut gems, a blow-pipe, a tom-tom, and a bird in a large wire cage—strange impedimenta of which subsequent blood-curdling use is made. Correct, rather than communicative, he stands and awaits with us Dame Sybil's arrival.

THE portrait of Georgina's sinister ancestor, the Judge Jeffreys, whose house this was, still glowers, as in his own day, beside the secret panel which. . . . But this, as earlier fabulists used to say, is to anticipate. Sufficient,

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Sabbath, his usefulness to his mistress at an end, is himself sacrificed to satisfy the heathenish appetite of Georgina. Unwilling and horrified spectators are Judith Neimes, Rosemary Scott, Russell Thorndike and Arthur Pusey



Sabbath, a converted cannibal (Robert Adams), under the influence of the moon, aims his blow-pipe at the orchidaceous Roberta (Gwendolyn Gray). His mistress, Georgina (Sybil Thorndike), is unperturbed

at the moment, to salute a red herring as it passes: the portrait, like some other elusive hints and properties, may be left in the narrative obscurity from which it never clearly emerges.

More important is the fact that, when Dame Sybil arrives, she fully redeems the promise made by her name on the programme. Our tragedy queen, to whom Hecuba, Medea, Lady Macbeth and other titanesses are mere working models, brings all her tragic bravura to the portrayal of Georgina, who has, not a cloven hoof (though her limp suggests it) but a cloven soul. The portrait of the judge, it seems, did something Freudian to Georgina in infancy, which her long sojourn among the anthropophagi has confirmed. It also inspired her to active service, as an irregular, in the eternal war between good and evil.

Returning to civilisation, ostensibly to take over the family business, she means to put civilisation through the hoop, and to purge some of its handier fribbles with fire—and worse. The fire is kindled in the old bakehouse, which is reached via that secret panel beside the baleful portrait. This is where Sabbath, his blow-pipe, and the moon come in. For although converted, Sabbath is allergic to the moon, and when it is at the full, all the old Voodoo in him takes possession. Even Georgina herself—at least, that is the suggestion. As you say, a pretty pair.

BUT thus coldly to recount, in the absence of Dame Sybil's confirmatory fire, the strange eventful history of *The House of Jeffreys* during Georgina's occupation would be to pamper incredulity. It might raise teasing questions about a camera that, set-up in the dark, photographed moving pictures on a still plate. You might begin to wonder what became of Miss X. in the jungle, and if Sabbath, having nullified Miss Y., and borne her exultantly to the fires below; did roast and serve her up as we fear he did; even if—"Oh, horror piled on horror!" as Smee has it—Georgina herself graced the feast.

Such are the nursery seeds, grown Thorndike size, which Dame Sybil does not dwarf. While Mr. Russell Thorndike hovers Dickensianly in the offing, and Mr. Robert Adams, as Sabbath, gives us the Voodoo works, she covers the horrific gamut from grim recitative to open-throated coloratura. And the minor characters no more dispute the modesty of their accessory roles than we dispute the power with which Dame Sybil rules the infernal roast. *The House of Jeffreys*, in short, should be taken with as generous a helping of salt as she brings fire and brimstone to her substantiation of its unsociable chatelaine.

Russian Ballerina of the International Ballet

Nina Tarakanova in Her
Knightsbridge Home

Nina Tarakanova has achieved great success in the past few months as a character dancer. As Maria in *Twelfth Night*, which was first presented by the International Ballet Company at His Majesty's last autumn, and is now included in their repertoire at the Piccadilly Theatre, her vivacity and charm are outstanding. Nina Tarakanova trained under Kschessinska in Paris, joined de Basil for his seasons of 1933 and 1934, came with Voizikovski to the Coliseum in 1935, and appeared with Blums Monte Carlo Ballet at the Alhambra and Coliseum in 1936 and 1937. She was with Massine at Drury Lane and Covent Garden in 1938, when she created the part of the Glove Seller in *Gaité Parisienne*. After war broke out, she danced for the French troops in the South of France, and when France collapsed escaped in a small yacht. In 1941 she joined Mona Inglesby in the International Ballet Company

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Nina Tarakanova Has a Welcoming Smile for Visitors



Mirrored Reflections



On Her Balcony Overlooking Knightsbridge Rooftops

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Activities

STILL in deep mourning, but looking decidedly better than she did before the holidays, the Duchess of Kent made her first appearance in public this year at University College Hospital, of which she is now President in succession to the late Duke. As always, she was most thorough in her inspection, chatting to the patients, questioning officials, and talking to the nurses about their work and conditions—a subject on which she can speak with personal knowledge, for it was at University College Hospital that the Duchess, as “Sister Kay,” qualified as a V.A.D. Earlier in the day, H.R.H. visited the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War section at St. James's Palace, and from now on it is probable that she will be seen about much more frequently. Lord Herbert, son and heir of the Earl of Pembroke, who is her Comptroller and Secretary, is arranging a really busy programme this spring, giving precedence, in turn, to each of the many organisations in which the Duchess has taken over official positions formerly held by the Duke. One of her earliest appointments is to be a visit to the City to receive the “Freedom and Livery” of one of the old City Companies, an honour so rarely bestowed on a woman as to be almost historic.

London Pied-à-Terre

THE visits of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to munition factories and other centres of war industry have proved so successful that other visits of a similar character are to be arranged in the near future. T.R.H. are going to make their headquarters in London, and a few rooms at York House have been re-opened for their use as a pied-à-terre while Prince William, now a very powerful and lusty one-year-old, remains in the country at the family home near Northampton. Field-Marshal the Viscount Gort, V.C., an old friend of the Duke, who served on his Staff in France at the beginning of the war, recently paid the family a visit.

Private View

THE Marchioness of Queensberry was present at the private view of her pictures at the Lefevre Gallery—painted, as usual, under her maiden name of Cathleen Mann—which was opened in a pleasantly informal way by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. He was in humorous mood, contrasting amusingly his arduous political work with the agreeable duty of opening this exhibition of the work of an old friend. Lady Queensberry wore a neat coat and skirt of tiny black-and-white shepherd's plaid pattern, and a cap glittering with sequin flower-sprays, both red and green. Her portrait of the King of Greece was inconspicuously hung in a corner, while place of honour was given to one of Lady Louis Mountbatten. Jean, Lady Brougham, who drives for the W.A.A.F., arrived hatless, but wearing a scarlet chenille snood. Mrs. Randolph Churchill was also there; she has just moved into a service flat in Grosvenor Square. A little group chatting together between admiring the pictures included the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, the Hon. Kay Norton and Mrs. Euan Wallace.

Hospital Dance

A THOUSAND tickets were sold for the dance at the Dorchester in aid of the Royal Eye Hospital (see page 115), but there was never crowding, as the Fun Fair in the lobby, under the direction of Lady Victor Paget and Miss Stepnall, the Matron, and their helpers, proved a good counter-attraction. The dance, which was organised to raise funds for the rebuilding of the Hospital, so badly blitzed two years ago, and to provide essential new equipment, was a typical wartime scene, with officers in uniform, men in tails (just a few), men in dinner-jackets and men in lounge suits. Some women were in long evening dresses, but the majority wore long-skirted dinner frocks; there were others in day clothes and many in uniform. The Allies were fully represented, the Americans proving themselves particularly good dancers. Lady Alexander, widow of the famous actor



The Hon. Anne Russell Lenore

The daughter of Lord Russell of Liverpool and of Constance Lady Russell, is eighteen, and is driving for the F.A.N.Y. Her only brother is in the Irish Guards

Sir George Alexander, and a grand old lady who must have passed her eightieth year, was dancing the Blue Danube with Mr. Frank Beresford, the artist. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who, as chairman, worked so hard for the success of the ball, looked very smart in her long frock of dark-red velvet; so did Nina Countess Granville, the president, who was wearing black tulle with a design of large white poppies. The Egyptian Ambassador danced with Miss Priscilla Priest; and two attractive sisters in a party were the recently-wed Princess Andrew of Russia, with her husband, and Countess Soudes. Princess Wiasimsky and Viscountess Selby were among the many young married women there. The cabaret, which was introduced by the Marquess of Queensberry, included Tom Webster, the famous cartoonist, Douglas Byng, and Arthur Norton and Pat Eaton, the world's champion ballroom dancers for three years running before the war, in 1937, 1938 and 1939.

Weddings

MISS RACHEL WILLSON, who was given away by her father, Sir Walter Willson, had four grown-up bridesmaids and a page to attend her when she married Mr. Mervyn Thursby-Pelham at the Guards' Chapel (see page 100). She wore a simply-made gown of white satin, and her headdress of orange-blossom had diamanté mingled among the flowers. From a chain round her neck hung a diamond heart. Her bridesmaids wore what might easily have passed for dance frocks of white tulle and lace, and looked very attractive. On their heads were sprays of white roses, and they carried bouquets of pink roses. There was a guard of honour of the Welsh Guards at the Chapel, and the bride's brother, Mr. James Willson, acted as best man. He was only recently married to the Hon. Anne Curzon, and she was there, looking very pretty in a simple Cumberland tweed coat and skirt and a dark-red beret. Another still more recently wed couple were Lady Honor Llewellyn and Captain Rhyddian Llewellyn. Miss Montgomerie-Charlton was with her fiancé, Captain Anthony Leatham. They are now married, the ceremony having taken place at the Royal Military Chapel on the 23rd.

Another recent marriage of interest was between Mr. Edward Lawrence Jones, one of the principals of the world-wide legal publishers Butterworths, and Miss Elinor Wren, of Melbourne, Australia. The bride's father, Mr. John Wren, is one of Australia's leading sportsmen, having scored many victories on the Turf, including the Melbourne Cup, the most prized horse-race of Australia. His contributions to the Australian war organisations have been splendid. At the wedding reception at 44, Pont Street, the buffet was provided with bonnet-



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The All Services Canteen Club Celebrates a Birthday

Hostesses at the party were Mrs. Anthony Eden with Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who runs the club so successfully. In the picture are Synolda Lady Walker, two officer guests, Mr. Anthony Eden, Lord Iliffe, Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, General Craig, U.S.A., Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mrs. Eden



Miss Heather Sclater

Miss Heather Sclater, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Frank Sclater, is engaged to the Hon. Edward Carson, son of the late Lord Carson and Lady Carson



The Countess of Kenmare

Enid Lady Furness was married to the Earl of Kenmare on January 26th at Brompton Oratory. She was Enid Lindeman, of Sydney, and this is her fourth marriage



Miss Diana Cory *Harlip*

Miss Diana Cory, W.R.N.S., younger daughter of the late Sir Donald Cory and Gertrude Lady Cory, is to marry Major Andrew Lyell, Dorset Yeomanry (attached R.A.F.)

bouches created by actor Bruce Winston, who proved he is not only worthy of praise from Agate, but also from Beeton. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jones will use Bucks House, Great Bardfield, Essex, for the week-ends. It is an attractive Georgian Quaker house, with a meeting-house and burial ground near by. Mr. Edward Lawrence Jones has let his country Place, the Old House, in Hertfordshire, to Sir Fergus Morton, the well-known judge, whose London residence was blitzed. The guests who came to wish the popular couple good cheer included Sir Lawrence Jones and his wife, Major L. E. Jones and Lady Evelyn Jones—parents of the recently married Hon. Mrs. Simon Asquith—Sir Harry Peat, K.C.B., and Lady Peat; Sir Sydney and Lady Abrahams; Admiral Sir Wilbraham Randall Ford and Lady Ford.

Studio Meetings

MRS. JAMES FORBES did not go to Brooksby for the holidays after all, but instead kept open house at her studio in Fulham Road,

where numbers of her friends dropped in for a meal and a talk. Earl Beatty was one—Lady Beatty is now in Algiers with the American Red Cross—with his wife's two sons, Billy and Harry. Mrs. Corrigan was another. Others included Sir Anthony Weldon and Mrs. Forbes's step-daughter, Lady Sinclair, wife of the Minister for Air, who came with her Eton-boy son, Angus. Mrs. Forbes's youngest girl, thirteen-year-old Juanita, is being sculptured by Epstein and has already had six sittings. In three more sittings the bust will be finished. Mrs. Forbes is herself a clever sculptress and has many portrait-busts to her credit. She does none now, but her previous sitters have included the Countess of Southesk (when she was Lady Maud Carnegie), the late Earl Beatty, the late Marquess of Dufferin, and his brother, the late Lord Terence Blackwood.

Charming Russians

PRINCE VLADIMIR GALITZINE is head of the family and father of three handsome boys,

all with the British Forces—George in the Welsh Guards, Nicholas on Admiral's Staff, South Africa, and Emanuel, the youngest, an Air Flight Officer. His engagement has just been announced to Captain Rhodes's second daughter, Gwen, a very pretty, charming girl, working with American Transport Administration. Princess Volkonsky gave a family party of celebration. Among the guests were Prince Nicholas Galitzine, who brought Princess Galitzine and their two children; Count and Countess Kleimichel; the late Princess Vladimir Galitzine's sister and niece; Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell (née Galitzine) and her son; Mme. Sabline; Sergei Rodzianko, the painter; Paul Rodzianko and Glinki, the Russian pianist, who played delightfully, slyly interspersing Russian songs with snatches of the "Wedding March."

For Children

MME. POPIEL, the wife of a member of the Polish Government, organised a successful Anglo-Polish Christmas party at the Polish
(Concluded on page 120)



Richardson, Worcester

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in the Midlands

During a three-day tour of the Midlands the Duke and Duchess inspected the Malvern A.R.P. services. Above they are with Miss Dixey, assistant Commandant of a Worcestershire Red Cross detachment. She is the daughter of the late Sir Harry Dixey, of Malvern



The Duchess of Kent Visits Hospital Patients

The Duchess of Kent was recently appointed President of University College Hospital in succession to the late Duke of Kent, who previously held that appointment. She paid her first visit to the hospital not long ago, and is seen here in the children's ward

Pictures and People

Cathleen Mann's Exhibition and
General Sir Ian Hamilton's
Birthday Party



Lady Gloria Fisher



H.M. the King of
the Hellenes



Air Commandant
Trefusis-Forbes



Air Commodore Elliot,
C.B.E., D.F.C.

The Exhibition of recent portraits and other paintings by Cathleen Mann was opened at the Lefevre Galleries on January 14th by the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, D.S.O., M.C., M.P., Minister of Production. It is to remain open until February 6th. Landscapes and flower pieces as well as portraits are included in the Exhibition. Cathleen Mann, who is a painter of strong individuality, is in private life the Marchioness of Queensberry. She is the second daughter of the late Harrington Mann and is a kinswoman of Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley, Bt.



Mrs. Walter Lorrimer and Her Portrait



Staff of the American Embassy in London was represented by Mr. Dorsey Fisher, who is in charge of Press Relations. With him is Major T. Fitzwilliam, admiring a portrait of Lady Middleton



Dr. Rothenstein, the Director and Keeper of the Tate Gallery since 1938 and a Member of the British Council, discussed the exhibits in a quiet corner with Mrs. D'Erlanger (the former Edyth Baker) and Jean, Lady Brougham



Euan Wallace and the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Randolph Churchill



A serious discussion on rival merits occupied the Hon. Mrs. Beck, sister of Lord Glenconner, and the Hon. Kay Norton



The artist Cathleen Mann, wife of Lord Queensberry, photographed beside her latest portrait of her son, David Harrington Angus, Viscount Drumlanrig, born in 1929. Lord and Lady Queensberry have one daughter, Lady Jane Douglas, who is now in her seventeenth year

Swabe



General Sir Ian Hamilton Has a Family Party in London to Celebrate His Ninetieth Birthday

Guests at General Sir Ian Hamilton's birthday party included (front row): Griselda Warre (great-niece), Merrick Burrell (great-nephew), Timothy Burrell (great-nephew by marriage), Mrs. Ian Hamilton, General Sir Ian Hamilton (great-nephew), Ian Hamilton (nephew), Alexander Hamilton (great-nephew). Back row: Major Felix Warre, O.B.E. (nephew by marriage), Mrs. Pamela Burrell (niece by marriage), Michael Warre (great-nephew), Katharine Leeper (great-niece), Mary Hamilton (great-niece), Mrs. Felix Warre (niece), Mrs. Allen Leeper (niece), Sub-Lt. the Hon. John Godley, Fleet Air Arm (great-nephew), Helen Hamilton (great-niece), Rupert Ian Moncreiffe, Scots Guards (great-nephew by marriage), Elizabeth Moncreiffe (great-niece by marriage), Sir David Moncreiffe, Scots Guards (great-nephew by marriage)

Standing By ...

'One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN the British Embassy at Washington recently, it seems, the heating-arrangements suddenly failed. Wearing their overcoats and an exquisitely non-committal expression, the staff said nothing for publication.

The beautiful city of Washington, D.C., imposes an even severer strain on the world's diplomats in summer, when its famous humidity heat-waves cause the sweat to pour off those finely-cut inscrutable brows day and night. An F.O. chap tells us the brazen furnace of a Madrilene summer is nothing to Washington's Turkish-bath atmosphere, which enfolds you like a thick grey blanket and makes the drawing up of *démontis*, *ballons d'essai*, and *volte-faces* extremely difficult. We didn't ask him if our Embassy was ever caught in its shirtsleeves, knowing a British diplomat would rather die.

This matter is fraught with high symbolism, actually. The New World carries on diplomacy in a heat-wave in shirtsleeves and Palm Beach slacks and smacks you on the back and offers you a cigar. The Old World suffers horribly but correctly in the regulation starched collar, black jacket, and exquisitely striped trousers, and its well-manicured white hands make only the restrained hierarchic gestures approved by the F.O. manual as it droops and faints. There was a moral somewhere, but Rover has eaten it.

Quest

MOST of the authentic English nobility having perished and ended in the Wars of the Roses, we often wonder if ex-Portcullis Pursuivant, recently promoted to Richmond Herald, and the other boys at Heralds' College really care.

We also wonder sometimes if a herald's job nowadays is more, or less, arduous than it was in the Renaissance, when the experts had to make out family trees for big bonnets who claimed direct descent from Hector of Troy, Charlemagne, the Cæsars, and even Hercules; a quaint foible of the period. In France there was a chap, Henri II.'s Court poet Mellin de St. Gelais, who quite seriously traced his descent from the Fairy Mélusine, to establish which must have given the French heralds quite a lot of homework. We doubt if the College of Heralds have to solve teasers like that to-day. On the other hand they must meet some interesting people.

They could (and maybe do) get relief from this by reviving some of the punning heraldry,

heraldia cantans, of the Middle Ages, whereby if your name was, for example, Perrot, your crest was a parrot. As nobody knows any heraldry nowadays, the Heralds could put a few fast ones over with impunity, especially where the old family name, after arduous research, turned out to be Goldschwein or Fischbaum. Don't look round yet, but we believe we've just said something awful.

Vendetta

IT means nothing in our life that Hollywood has dug up Sherlock Holmes again and matched him with Nazi agents in Washington. It does matter to us that poor Dr. Watson (whom we love) is once more his stooge, and apparently as subservient and dumb as ever.

Every realist will agree that Watson's ultimate revenge on Holmes for all those years of bullying would make a far better "come-back" film than anything with a



MAURICE M'LAUGHLIN

Nazi angle. Watson drunk and menacing. Watson silent and sinister. Watson leading Holmes up the garden, mixing the clues, cooking the evidence, deliberately confusing the Case of the Dancing Cabmen with the Case of the Rajah's Niblick, getting Holmes finally down and out, exhausted and half-dead, then turning the tables on him.

"Elementary, Holmes!"

"Eh?"

"I said 'elementary.'"

"Ur."

"My good Holmes, you seem dazed. Will you get the hell out of that armchair and solve this simple problem before I make you the laughing-stock of Scotland Yard, or will you lie there till I get a large dog named Ponto to bite you on your emaciated rump?"

Sequel

AT length, like the learned man and his shadow in Hans Andersen, Watson becomes master and exploits Holmes, who crawls round after him, weakly fawning. E.g.:

"Am I utterly marvellous, Holmes?"

"Yes, Watson, you are utterly marvellous."

"Am I the greatest amateur detective in Europe, Holmes?"

"Yes, Watson."

"Say after me, 'You, Watson, are the greatest, handsomest detective in the world, whereas I, Holmes, am a cretin, a charlatan, a sap, a moron, and a lousy, ugly, blue-chinned faker.'"

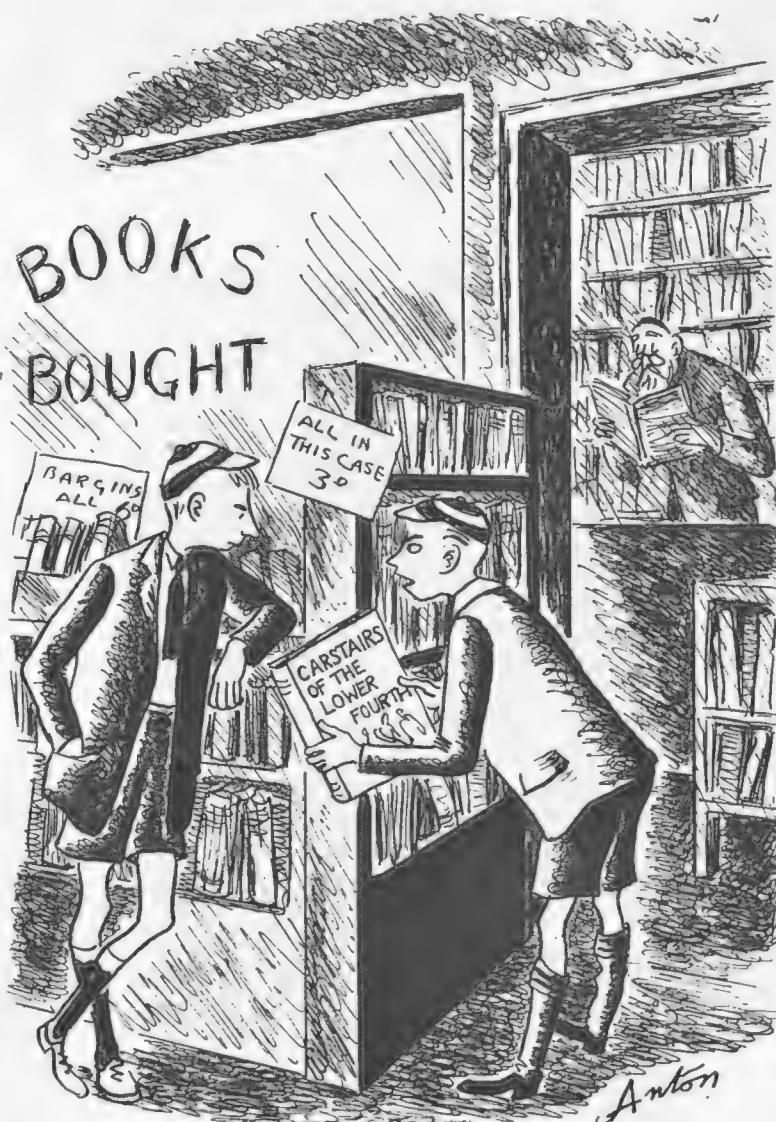
"Yes, Watson. 'You, Watson, are the greatest'" (etc.).

Pathetic, maybe, and even painful. But how just.

Fatsy

FAT men all the world over will be waiting, we guess, to know the exact weight of the time-fused bomb which recently failed to blow up Henri Béraud, editor of *Gringoire*. Unless our memory stinkingly deceives, Béraud published, some years ago, *Le Martyre de l'Obèse*, the only sympathetic study of the

(Concluded on page 110)



Anton

"I wonder if they know this is a first edition?"



Wedding speech: by Mr. Mervyn Christopher Thursby-Pelham, Welsh Guards, at the reception after his marriage to Miss Rachel Mary Latimer Willson, Sir Walter and Lady Willson's second daughter. He is the only son of Captain and Mrs. N. C. Thursby-Pelham, of Meole Grange, Shrewsbury

Mr. M. C. Thursby-Pelham
and Miss R. M. L. Willson
Married at the Royal Military Chapel,
Wellington Barracks



Captain Sir Edmund and Lady Bedingsfeld were at the reception. He is in the Welsh Guards, and married Joan Rees last June



Recently engaged: Captain Anthony Leatham, Welsh Guards, came with his fiancée, Miss Victoria Montgomerie-Charrington



Synolda, Lady Walker, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Walker, wife of Sir James Heron Walker, were both there

Photographs by Swaebe



A newly-married couple there was Captain Rhydian Llewellyn, Welsh Guards, and Lady Honor Llewellyn, Lord Lisburne's second daughter. They were married on January 2nd



The Hon. Mrs. James Willson (formerly Anne Curzon) was with her husband, the bride's elder brother and best man. Neil Willson, the younger brother, was page to his sister



The Hon. John Skeffington, Lord Masereene's heir, and his wife came together. She was Annabelle Lewis. They were married in 1939, and have one son

Standing By ...

(Continued)

sufferings of a fat man in love ever written. It was widely translated.

Béraud was then a chubby 100-kilo boy himself. Editing *Gringoire*, exuding a quite vitriolic hatred of the Island Race, and kowtowing of late to the Nazis may have sweated him down a trifle. Like his tenderness for the (non-British) obese, his loathing of Great Britain is quite sincere. What started it we've never heard. Maybe some too-jovial foxhunter or Rugger halfback trod on Béraud's pet corn in the cloakroom at Larue's or Maxim's one night. It's a strange superstition that the fat are invariably good-humoured and easygoing. They are quite often devils for irritability and viciousness, and those little eyes hidden in those rolls of sunset flesh can crackle with cold malice and fury. Compare the rage and cunning of the elephant, or the Historian Gibbon.

Knowing the weight of the bomb which exploded prematurely in Béraud's car at Lyons while he was lunching, fat men could calculate the amount of explosive required to send them up personally. Knowing this, fat men would not need to hurry so much when citizens toss, say, a Mills grenade in their direction.

Cut

HAVING mentioned the other week that foxes are showing great insolence and disdain in the absence of their buddies in pink, we now have to report that they are deliberately insulting the bourgeoisie.

In daylight and sunshine last week we met a fox crossing an adjacent field, some thirty yards away, quite unconcerned, not hurrying, pacing along thoughtfully, waving a fine brush, cutting us dead, and passing on. Stung by this, we stopped and gave a passable view-halloa. Incredulously the fox

paused and looked round. Some pedestrian cad in ratcatcher appeared to him to be imitating the real people. We saw his eyebrows go up. He lightly shrugged, gave a snort, or sneeze, or half-bark of annihilating comment, and trotted on to the covert over the hill.

If we ever believed such Oriental fantasies as transmigration, it would be plain to us that a vulpine snob of this type was formerly a butler in a rich country-house, an adept at putting poor guests in their place with one faint tremor of the eyebrow. Mr. Belloc is of opinion that when such butlers die they go straight to the nethermost Pit and consort for ever, with demons. In that case those who are permitted to live on earth again as foxes in wartime would be the better, nobler type—those who suppressed open contempt till just before the car left on Monday morning, and God knows what a test of superhuman restraint that often turned out to be.

Lapse

BOREDOM probably explains the Home Guard N.C.O. who pretended to have flown as a rear-gunner over Germany. Maybe it also explains the rural Home Guard sentry who pooped off one round at a lady a little time before and expressed no regrets whatsoever.

Most rural Home Guards deprecate this attitude, having no desire to wipe out women as a class, in normal circumstances. In some London H.G. units, on the other hand, blondes are absurdly pampered and fussed over by business and Stock Exchange members, a state of affairs dealt with already in W.O. 257 H.G./Gen./5446/M (A.F. 546A/10/6/41, para. 34) and W.O. 19/Recs./7789/Ind/32 ff. G10/PJ/Add. Inf. fr. 170 (a), dated May 17, 1940, paras.



"I was rowing 7 and we'd just shot Hammersmith Bridge..."

168 (f) and (j). C.O.s of units concerned were ordered to repeat these instructions in Pt. II Orders (A.R. 1940/App.G/IT, pp. 57-9, also M.S.I. 1/1941/HF 7, paras. 18-19), so one would have thought we were all set for a change from the amorous prancings of those City slickers. Not on your life.

We have blondes a-plenty in Arcadia, Heaven knows, but they exert about as much sex-appeal over us as foot-and-mouth disease or a wagonload of mangolds. This is, we admit, no excuse for shooting at them frivolously. That H.G. sentry reminds us of the chap in Arizona who apologised to Theodore Roosevelt or somebody. "Colonel, I am sure sorry for having shot a hole in your hat last night. But Colonel, I was not shooting at you, I was shooting at my wife."

Feat

WITH magical self-restraint the Fleet Street boys printed a photograph recently of Glubb Pasha of Transjordan without even a half-hearted attempt to revive the old Lawrence of Arabia glamour-stuff.

Our information is that conferences were actually called on this point, but it turned out that the boys were a bit vague—after all it's some time ago—whether D. H. or Gertie Lawrence was the Idol of Arabia; from which it was argued that if the Press couldn't remember these things the ham-faced public certainly couldn't, so they might as well let the whole thing ride. Which was done, and saved everybody, including Glubb Pasha, a lot of flooper and flaffa.

Perhaps some of the boys remembered later that of all the resentful celebrities ever taken up and "run" against their will by Fleet Street, the authentic Lawrence of Arabia was probably the most ungrateful, difficult, unresponsive, hostile, glaring, and rude. It's just an old circus risk. Sometimes the Street of Adventure gets hold of a "natural," a publicity-object who will jump and grin through hoops and obey the least crack of the whip till the cows come home, loving every bit of it, till dropped in due course. At other times... Maybe the boys (whom we greatly love) are right to distrust these lean military desert types. They bite.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Any complaints?"



A Bride of 1942: Lady Sykes. By Olive Snell

On September 29th, 1942, Miss Virginia Gilliat was married to Sir Mark Tatton Richard Sykes, Bt., at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilliat, of 3, Stanhope Place, W. Sir Richard Sykes is a Lieutenant in the Green Howards, and served in France earlier in the war. He succeeded his father, Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, a former M.P. for Hull and Kingston-upon-Hull, in 1919, and his home is Sledmere, in Yorkshire. This portrait of Lady Sykes was painted recently by Olive Snell

Dubarry is Miss Frances Day

Star of the Cole Porter Musical
at the Phoenix Theatre





Photographs by
Fred Daniels

Day, the American-born star of the American musical comedy, *Dubarry Was a Lady*, is one of the minority known theatre personalities who oppose the Sunday opening of theatres. She is not entering actively into the but privately she is against the idea. Not that Miss Day can ever be accused of being niggardly in the use of her great gifts for the benefit of our fighting men. Shortly after Dunkirk she started the Frances Day Fund, which has raised over two and a half million pennies to provide comforts for prisoners of war in our troops in all parts of the world. She is justly proud of the fact that her organisation was the first, the Red Cross, to get comforts through to our prisoners. Nor is Miss Day against the innovation of new theatres—in fact, some might consider her ideas quite revolutionary. One of them is to abolish footlights and to institute a stage—apron-shaped—which would sweep down amongst the audience. "It wouldn't do for light plays," she says, "but it would help enormously in musical comedy and revue to establish the 'come-and-join-us-in-the-fun' feeling which is what we want to get across on these occasions. I would love to have a hand in the reconstruction of the theatre after the war." Frances Day first appeared on the London stage at the Hippodrome in 1932 in *Out of the Bottle*. Her success was immediate and standing. Then—as in *Dubarry Was a Lady*—she played with Arthur Riscoe as her leading man

Family Trio

Lord Carlow's
Wife and Sons

Viscountess Carlow is the wife of Air Commodore Viscount Carlow, the Earl and Countess of Portarlington's son and heir. She was Miss Peggy Cambie, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Cambie, and was married in 1937. Lord and Lady Carlow have two sons, George, aged four and a half, who had the late Duke of Kent as one of his godparents, and Lionel, two years younger, to whom the Duchess of Kent is godmother

Photographs by
Lenave

Lady Carlow and Her Sons



The Hon. Lionel Dawson-Damer



The Hon. George Dawson-Damer



Miss Joan Perkins, who was in charge of one of the Fun Fair stalls, was visited by Princess Irene Obolensky, a member of the committee, and Colonel Rowan of the U.S. Army



Guests of the chairman, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys (second from the left), included Princess Xenia, Princess Andrew of Russia (the former Nadine McDougall), Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys and Prince Andrew

New Year Ball in Aid of the Royal Eye Hospital



The Lady Victor Paget (vice-chairman, with the Countess of Jersey and Lady Waddilove) found a willing purchaser in Major E. Hungerford, of the American Army



Mrs. Forrester-Agar was in charge of "Hoop-la." She is discussing the prizes with Lady Coxon, a member of the committee

A New Year Ball, organised by the Royal Eye Hospital, was held at the Dorchester Hotel on January 16th. Its object was to raise funds for the rebuilding of the hospital and the installation of modern equipment. A distinguished committee, headed by Nina, Countess Granville, as president, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys as chairman, are to be congratulated on a most successful evening. More of the party will be found on page 104



Mrs. W. G. Corfield dealt with the shilling-subscription forms for a pair of diamond and topaz ear-rings given by Mrs. Reynolds Albertini



Attractive-looking bottles provided a background reminiscent of the good old days for Mrs. Raymond Came and Mr. Frank Beresford, the famous artist



Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P. for Birmingham since 1921, found a moment for serious discussion with Lieut.-Col. Longland. The ball proved a great success, and should go far towards helping the hospital raise the funds necessary

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Poetic Justice

WHEN we get the full story of the Germans' squeal, we shall no doubt be told that the heavy pasting to which the ugliest city in Europe has again been subjected is either "a brutal slaughter of innocent civilians" or "just a nuisance." The Germans should have thought of the possibility of retribution before they embarked upon the slaughters of London, Coventry, Bristol, Rotterdam and so forth. They had been told by the Obese Head of the Luftwaffe that Berlin—and, in fact, all Germany—was impregnable from air attack. They have now discovered how unprofitable it is to hit anything that can hit back, and also how stupid it is to rely upon the word of the Gasbag and the Braggart. I should say that Berlin was an easy target to pin-point from the air: it is a very easy one from the ground, for it is nearly all parallels and squares. The Germans have boasted that Berlin is so marvellously camouflaged that it is undiscoverable, but no one on earth could camouflage such a fine reflector as the Wann See, that beautiful and very big lake which you pass if en route to Neubabelsberg, where the Ufa outdoor cinema studios are. It is a far better compass-bearing than the Thames or their dirty little river, the Spree. They may have concealed the Unter den Linden, which is so uncomfortably close to the Wilhelmstrasse, which runs at right-angles to it, and they may have covered up the Brandenburger Tor, which gives entrance to the Tiergarten, but the Wann See gives a bearing which makes the concealment of the rest of this rugged brutal Prussian city quite impossible. It is to be observed that the R.A.F. have established such a hearty wind-up that the Germans ran from their guns—a prerogative hitherto enjoyed by their dago companions.

The Derby Entries, 1943

THE entries for the classic races present us with hardly any surprises, unless it can be said that Lady Sybil's absence from the Two Thousand is one. Her owner has put her in the

One Thousand, which is at present set down to be run on the same day as the colts' race (April 20th), and in the Derby, the Oaks and the Leger. The Derby and Oaks are both dated for May 27th, so that Mr. Benson will have to make his decision where his champion filly is concerned, unless there is some later re-arrangement of the dates of the first four classics. I hope that there may be, for Lady Sybil's sake, for she is quite good enough to do as Eleanor (1801), Blink Bonny (1857) and Signorinetta (1908) have done before her, and as Sun Chariot (1942) would undoubtedly have done if she, and not Big Game, had been selected to carry the royal purple and scarlet in the Derby. I rate Lady Sybil as of quite as good class as Sun Chariot. As to the other celebrities, his Majesty has the much-discussed Tipstaff in both the Two Thousand and the Derby, but not in the Leger. Those not immediately connected with the stable say that he will not stay. We have yet to see that proven.

Two to Beat the Favourites

THE AGA KHAN's cracks, Nasrullah and Umiddad, nominal first and second favourites for the Derby, are fully engaged, but I am going to take two to beat them in the Derby and Leger, wherever they finish—Lord Rosebery's Ribbon and Miss Dorothy Paget's Straight Deal. This is not the same thing as saying that I pick either this filly or this colt straight out, but merely that I believe that they will finish in front of the Aga Khan's pair. In the Middle Park Stakes Ribbon beat Nasrullah a neck at the sex allowance, and some of the pundits said she was lucky. Some other pundits said that there was no luck at all about it. I would record that Nearly was right on Nasrullah's tail, and that he did not manage to put daylight between himself and her. I think both these fillies are much better balanced than Nasrullah, but not better than Umiddad, whom I prefer to his stable companion. If the Derby is run at Epsom, this preference will be doubled. Ribbon, who is a little one, may not win either



Boiler Suits at Cheltenham

Mr. A. G. Elliott-Smith, Headmaster of Cheltenham College, has instituted the wartime wearing of boiler suits by the boys, who now do a great deal of the domestic work of the college. Fourteen old Cheltonians have won the V.C. during a hundred years

the Derby or the Leger, but I think that she will beat Nasrullah again whenever and wherever she meets him. The Official Handicapper puts her 3 lb. below him—i.e., the sex allowance. Mr. Fawcett is a very wise dispenser, but I shall not be surprised to see the Middle Park form endorsed. I think that in that race she must have dead-heated without the 3 lb. allowance; as it was, she won well by a neck. However, all this is rather premature, for we are not really sure of anything at the moment, and Newmarket and Epsom are so entirely different. I feel certain only of one thing—namely, that Nasrullah is not cut to fit Epsom. His Majesty has both Open Warfare and Sunblind in the Oaks and the One Thousand, but if either or both Lady Sybil and Ribbon run it is difficult to give these other fillies a big chance.

A Cargo Warship

THE heading, as I am only too well aware, invites the question: "What business has it in this gallery?", devoted in the main to horses, soldiers, sailors, film fox-hunting and such like. I venture to submit, however, that any invention which may make your food more secure has to do with everyone's gallery, and I



Officers at an R.N. Base Somewhere in England

Sitting: Chief Officer Horsey, M.B.E., W.R.N.S., Cdr. E. G. McGregor, D.S.O., R.N., Second Officer Crombie, W.R.N.S. Standing: Rev. O. Roebuck, R.N., Pay/Lieut.-Cdr. M. A. Wilson, R.N.R., Shipwright Lieutenant G. W. Potter, R.N.



Officers at an R.N. Station Somewhere in England

Sitting: Cdr. W. R. G. Reid, R.N., Rev. H. Beardmore, O.B.E., R.N.; Lieut.-Cdr. C. R. H. Garrett. Standing: Lieut.-Cdr. (E.) W. J. Perriam, R.N., Lieut. A. N. Pack, R.N., Pay/Lieut.-Cdr. C. M. A. Wilson, R.N.R., Mr. E. W. Winter, Pay/Lieut. H. S. Spittle, R.N.

D. R. Stuart



Rival Rugger Teams: Middlesex Hospital v. St. Bartholomew's Hospital

D. R. Stuart

Middlesex Hospital XV. beat Bari's by 8-3. Their previous victories were over the O.C.T.U. (Sandhurst), King's College Hospital, St. George's and the Old Blues. On ground: B. W. Webb, J. W. Stewart. Sitting: D. McG. Smart, B. H. Hand, J. E. Davies (captain), J. H. Steeds, F. Cockcroft. Standing: A. M. Jolliffe, R. W. Nash, P. D. B. Davies, J. Kirk, F. W. Lapage, P. D. A. Kent, R. N. Jackson, W. V. Graham

St. Bartholomew's Hospital had so far this season beaten St. Thomas's, London Hospital, King's College Hospital and the R.N.Z. Air Force. On ground: G. Bourne, A. V. Livingstone. Sitting: A. R. Corbett, C. S. M. Stephen, J. P. Stephens (captain), J. H. Gibson, R. L. Hall. Standing: Dai Jenkins (referee), A. Jones, M. R. Hunt, J. R. Moffatt, A. R. Anderson, R. L. Alcock, P. G. Mann, P. Ballantyne, P. H. Davey

venture further to suggest that the present design of our sea-borne food-carrier does not encourage the belief that it is of the right type to give us the desirable measure of safety. At the moment the U-boat is upside down with even the heavily escorted cargo-boat, and this is most definitely not good enough. Mr. Walter Scott Burn, M.Sc., a member of the Council of the Institute of Marine Engineers, has pointed the way with his cargo warship to giving even the best U-boat the go-by, and for releasing a large force of naval vessels for their legitimate war work, offence, instead of tying them down to the defence of the slow-paced merchantman. Shortly put, the inventor's main ideas are: (1) higher speed; (2) sufficient armament, including planes and guns, to make the ship independent of naval assistance; (3) deck armour which would be strong enough to resist all but the heaviest air shell, and hence would neutralise any puncture below the water-line; (4) inboard torpedo blisters; (5) greater transverse compartmentation to counteract the disastrous heel-over which got both the Ark Royal and the Eagle; and (6) reduction of top hamper to a minimum. No ship is unsinkable. The Bismarck has proved that conclusively,

but this fast cargo warship would be a big step forward towards the unsinkable.

The Inventor Speaks

Not being either a marine engineer or a technician, I now hand over to Walter Scott Burn, whose most attractive paper upon this submarine-stopper is published in *Transactions*, Vol. LIV., Part 10, the journal of the Institute of Marine Engineers, and was read by the author at a recent session. He says:

It would not be possible to give a complete specification of the cargo warship; but some of the principal details must be stated. The ship should be about 12,000 tons deadweight, because that is the most economical size to construct. The width should be exceptional at 80 ft. and the draft normal at 26 ft. Its speed should be at least 18 knots. There is no fundamental reason why all crew accommodation, saloon, galley, wireless room and the like, should not be below deck at each end of the ship, with only the minimum requirements of control and look-out, air intakes and engine exhausts above deck. Specially designed cranes which lie flat on the deck when not in use will be arranged down each side of the ship with all operating mechanism below deck, so that a clear deck of some 70 ft. wide



Lt.-Col. H. S. Lewis-Barclay, R.C.S.

The subject of "Mel's" caricature is well known in the world of sport. For many years Army lawn-tennis champion, he won the British Hard Courts Doubles Championship with Charles Kingslay in 1925, and played for England against Scotland and Ireland. He also played cricket and golf for the Army in 1928



Officers of a Technical Training School, R.A.F.

Front row: F/Lt. A. W. Poupart, S/Ldrs. C. I. Morris, S. H. Bates, A. R. Pearce, Wing Cdr. T. V. Lister (C.O.), F/Lt. T. W. H. Gaily (Adjutant), S/Ldrs. E. L. Fleming, K.C., M.P., D. M. Greene, F/Lt. C. V. O. Carroll. Back row: F/Lts. J. O. Baker, S. S. Fuller, P/O. G. Elliot, F/Lt. W. Hilton, P/O.s H. C. Fielden, J. K. Hughes, F/Lt. A. D. Maher, F/O. W. J. Branch, P/O. H. Hind, F/Lt. C. P. Crowley, F/O. Whatmough

Suaebé

is available for aircraft landing and all projections from the deck sides would be below wing level. Side alleyways below deck will entail the minimum use of the deck, which would be streamlined to an unprecedented extent and capable of being safely awash in bad weather. Even the Diesel-engined lifeboats would be accommodated in streamlined structures on gravity davits below the two forward control towers for protection against weather and enemy machine-gun fire.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Truth

THE truth—can one take it? Since the start of the war, many truths have been unpalatable. So much, so, that the more popular war books have been those that, while they underline fighting courage, tend to gloss over mistakes and muddles that, too often, brought that courage into tragic, forlorn-hope play. The forlorn hope commands our imagination—but it is none the less our business to ask ourselves why so many hopes should become forlorn. Much has happened that had no business to happen—this being our war, we ought to ask ourselves, why? To face facts is a cure for complacency—we cannot afford, these days, to like ourselves too well.

Complacency is not a British prerogative. It has had, and is only now beginning to lose, an exceedingly dangerous hold on America. It was at the root of the Isolationist principle; it accounted for the incredible muddles America had to contend with when she was plunged into war. The bulk of Americans, while (like all other cousins) they were not averse from hearing truths about us, took an easy-going and hopeful view of themselves. Their reluctance to know the truth, when their part of the war opened, was, on the whole, protected and pandered to by the close censorship of the American Press. Unpleasant pills were sugared as far as possible. You will remember some notes on American war ignorance in Ian Hay's *America Comes Across*.

But all this must be changing. The vast circulation, in its own country, of W. L. White's *They Were Expendable* (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.) is, in itself, symptomatic of a new frankness. Of this disturbing, and, from the national viewpoint, far from flattering, book, 400,000 copies have been sold in America, since its appearance four months ago. This is an American war book that rides full tilt against the last strongholds of its country's unrealism. Its success cannot be due to sensationalism—its "revelations" come out so quietly, with such dry and implicit anger that one almost might overlook them—almost, but not quite. The heroic interest is strong. But the four heroes who tell the story are, as I say, angry—angry at the false position in which they found themselves, at the unnecessary waste of their comrades' lives.

They Were Expendable is the story of the Philippine fighting, told at the Motor Torpedo-Boat Station at Melville, Rhode Island, to Mr. White (who took it down as he heard it) by four young naval officers who had survived, and, by Gen. MacArthur's orders, been returned to America. Lieut. John Bulkeley commanded, and Lieut. Robert Kelly and Ensigns Anthony Akers and George B. Cox were among those manning, a M.T.B. flotilla, when war broke out in Manila Bay. "This little party of

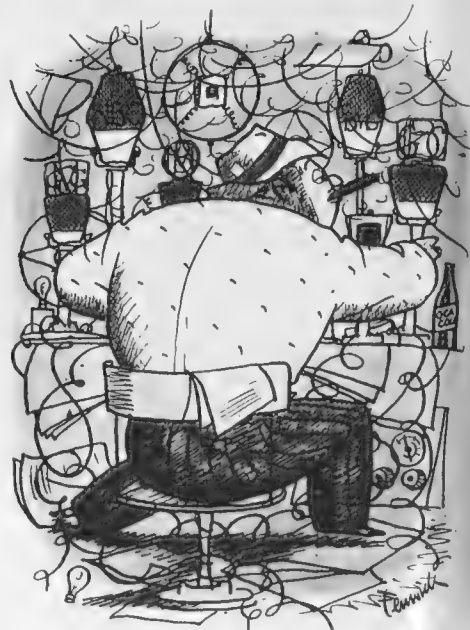
seventy-odd officers and ratings, in six high-speed cockleshells, comprised very nearly the sole U.S. naval force available to fight everything the Japanese could bring up against them by sea and air. During a few weeks of miraculous life they sank far more than a hundred times their weight in shipping, and one of their last achievements was to carry General MacArthur on the first perilous lap of his journey to Australia. . . . In the end all the boats were lost, and most of the men."

This loss was foreseen. These men—together with the land defenders of the Bataan Peninsula and of Corregidor—had been written off before they came to their ends. None had expected to survive, and few did. They understood the position: they were "expendable."

"You don't understand," said the young naval officer, "we were expendable."

I admitted that I didn't understand.

Well, it's like this. Suppose you're a sergeant machine-gunner, and your army is retreating and the enemy advancing. The captain takes you to a machine-gun covering the road. "You're to stay here and hold this position," he tells you. "For how long?" you ask. "Never mind," he answers, "just hold it." Then you know you're expendable. In a war, anything can be expendable—money or gasoline or equipment or most usually men. They are expending you and that machine-gun to get time. They don't expect to see either one again. . . . You know the position—that those few minutes gained are worth the life of a man to your army. So you don't mind it until you come back here where people waste hours and



Broadcasting To-day—No. 2, America:

"Say, fellers, what d'ya think this guy MacArthur and his gang are up to now?"

days, and sometimes weeks, when you've seen your friends give their lives to save minutes—

"Look, never mind about that," said Lieut. John Bulkeley, the senior officer. "People don't like to hear about that. I've learned that in the week I've been back."

Tell America

MR. WHITE, when he made the four young officers' stories—skilfully woven by him into one continuous narrative—into the book that is *They Were Expendable*, had in mind just those people who "don't like to hear," the people of the "plump cities," among whom, as he says, the sad young men back from battle wander as strangers in a strange land. That estrangement between the fighter and the secure, smug civilian is a bad factor in war—to be rid of it, here in bombarded England, the raids were, perhaps, not too high a price to pay. To America Mr. White does a great service if he has helped to break the estrangement down.

The story runs from December 1941 to April 1942. From the first, conditions were a nightmare. The Philippines had to fight on a peacetime basis. The islands were undermanned and hardly equipped at all. When the Japanese attacked, the Americans had 2000 trained regular troops in the Philippines; the rest were troops still in training, and Filipinos, for the most part also in training. The thorough and totally unexpected bombing of air bases put the air corps right out; they could do nothing. Transport broke down, owing to lack of spare parts; a tank would have to be jettisoned because a tread could not be replaced. Saboteurs had been, and continued

(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

NOW that the Church seems determined to mix itself up in

politics, I can foresee more and greater cleavage among the ranks of its adherents. We shall presently go to St. John's because we agree with the Rev. Brown's theory of a New and Better World, and leave St. Michael's, which we have hitherto attended, because we are in entire disagreement with the Rev. Robinson's plan concerning how this social salvation can best be brought about. Not that it will matter much to me personally, because I never go to church; or, rather, I go into the church or chapel of any denomination, and care not one hoot if the worshipper on my left believes in this or that form of ritual, and the one on my right accepts one doctrine but discards another.

Our personal religion is our own personal affair, and, as we grow older, we usually mould it to our own intelligence and inner conviction. Faith is a freedom of thought and, intelligently speaking, can easily become suffocated by the strict rules and regulations designed for an institution. Thus, although I may feel myself spiritually uplifted in Westminster Abbey during a service, I am quite as sure of this Divine cleansing alone in a garden, or in a field, on the top of a mountain, or in a hospital ward; at a concert of lovely music, at a gallery of lovely pictures, at a fine play finely acted, at the sight of a love and friendship which has endured down the years; at silent courage, unselfishness and inner charity wherever I may meet

By Richard King

them. Perhaps I am a pagan! Anyway, I am certain I should be a complete failure as a missionary.

One's religion, or lack of it, is one's own private affair. It is often moulded by experience. The apex, so to speak, may remain fixed, but the unessentials, concerning which the human mind is so inclined to smother it, can easily change with the passing years and the deepening subjectivity of the mind. Consequently, I should be of no earthly use among heathen; unless, at the same time, I were a doctor. I like to watch a Christian—not merely listen to him. Therefore I have a faint suspicion that I might find one in Central Africa, though actually he worshipped idols. And that would never do! Sometimes I have a vague notion that deep sorrow, mental torment, even sin, can bring us nearer to God than moral satisfaction. And that, again, would never do; unless the approach were strictly along the sanctified way.

I respect a man's beliefs—even when he professes not to believe anything. What he does, or strives to do, in his life in regard to others is the only thing which interests me. I can well believe that a brave, unselfish, kindly, charitable agnostic receives a warm welcome in heaven! Even a good-natured, laughter-loving scamp is not taboo. Both have brought unconsciously a lot of happiness into this sadly-mismanaged old world. And a saint can't expect to do better than that!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Crowley-Milling — Stuttard

S/Ldr. Denis Crowley-Milling, R.A.F., son of Mr. T. W. Crowley-Milling, of Belmont, Colwyn Bay, and the late Mrs. Crowley-Milling, married Lorna Jean Jeboult Stuttard, daughter of the late H. H. Stuttard, and Mrs. Stuttard, formerly of Park Lodge, Deganwy, North Wales, at the Savoy Chapel



Aldridge — Turner

Captain John Bayliss Aldridge, D.C.L.I., son of the late John Aldridge, and Mrs. Aldridge, of Brighton, and Evelyn Pamela Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Turner, of Godolphin, Marazion, Cornwall, were married at St. Nicholas Church, Sutton



Stevenson — Serocold

Major Arthur John Stevenson, R.A., younger son of the late William Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, of Eaglehurst, Dilton Hill, Surrey, and Diana Eric Serocold, youngest daughter of the late Brig-Gen. Eric Serocold, and the Hon. Mrs. Serocold, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Jacobs — Cobbold

Pilot Officer John Owen Howard Jacobs, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Major and Mrs. C. J. Jacobs, of Thornbury Road, Osterley, Middlesex, married Naomi Moira Cobbold, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Clement Cobbold, of Riverview Gardens, S.W., at the Savoy Chapel



Fynn — Phillipps

Robert West Fynn, youngest son of the late Sir Percy Fynn, and Lady Fynn, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Diana Phillipps, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Phillipps, of 49, Lowndes Square, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Hardy — Langton May

Major Thomas Henry Hardy, R.A., son of the late Major-Gen. T. H. Hardy and Mrs. Hardy, of 20, Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W., married Aileen Langton May, daughter of the late Peter Langton May and Mrs. Langton May, of Puttborough, North Devon, at the Savoy Chapel



Brinkley — McCreath

Major W. H. Brinkley, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, and Joan Evelyn McCreath, were married at St. Mary's, Oatlands, Weybridge. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. McCreath, of Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge



Sturdy — Furley

S/Ldr. Walter Sturdy, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Sturdy, of Vancouver, married Jean Furley, elder daughter of F/O. and Mrs. K. G. Furley, of 9, Bishop's Avenue, Bromley, Kent, at Bromley Parish Church



Lewis — Leatham

Lieut. Andrew Mackenzie Lewis, R.N., son of the Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Lewis, of Gilston Rectory, Harlow, Essex, married Rachel Elizabeth Leatham, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral E. L. T. Leatham and Mrs. Leatham, of King's Grange, Dalbeattie, Kirkcubrightshire, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

Hearth in Belgrave Square. About a hundred and fifty Polish children were given a grand reception in the large ballroom, and there met the Polish President, Mr. W. Raczkiewicz; the Maharaja of Nawanagar, the Polish Vice-Premier, and scores of other Polish and Allied notabilities.

Among the amusements for the children was a huge cardboard elephant, which could move its head and trunk and flash its eyes, and was filled with presents for the young guests. Polish carols were sung by two Polish singers, and the eldest daughter of Countess Raczynska (wife of the Polish Ambassador and acting Polish Foreign Minister) made a speech of welcome to the Maharaja in pure Hindustani. He is a great benefactor of Polish children, and has given the hospitality of his State in India to some five thousand refugees from Soviet Russia.

Birthday Party

THE All-Services Canteen Club, which is so excellently run by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, at 12, Upper Grosvenor Street, celebrated its third birthday recently. Joint hostesses at the party were Mrs. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who, with her husband, Captain Littlejohn Cook, furnished and equipped the whole Club three years ago. Since then, literally thousands of men and women representing our civilian defence services, as well as our fighting forces and those of our Allies, have found a home from home at the Club, which radiates goodwill, kindness and sympathy. Food is excellent, really well-cooked and miraculously cheap in price, and there are beds for the fortunate few. Mr. Anthony Eden, who attended the party, spoke enthusiastically of the wonderful work done by the Club, and referred particularly to Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who, in spite of injury in an air raid on May 10, 1941, and in spite of the fact that ever since then she has been in constant pain with her left arm in a sling, has been absent from the Club on twenty nights only since it opened, and has made for Britain innumerable friends all over the world. Lord Iliffe added his congratulations. Among the guests were Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey and many Canadian officers, Commander de Booy, the Dutch Naval Attaché; the Czechoslovakian Ambassador and Mme. Lopkovistz; Admiral Kirk; Lady Hodder Williams; Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley; Squadron Leader Thomson; Mr. Jan Masaryk; Colonel Wouters, Military and Air Attaché of Belgium; Captain Statholos, the Greek King's Equerry; and many other international personalities too numerous to refer to by name.

Round and About London

SIR PHILIP GAME, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, his tunic covered with ribbons, was amongst those seen lunching at the May Fair recently. Considering his arduous duties, Sir Philip looks remarkably well and fit. Others in the hotel, paying short visits to London, included the Duchess of Devonshire; Lady Newborough, very vivacious and attractive, and rather forlornly on the look-out for pipe-cleaners; Wing Commander Cheshire, D.S.O., D.F.C., who made his seventh trip to Berlin in the recent raids on the German capital, and whose new book, *Bomber Pilot*, has just been published; the Countess Beauchamp; Major Lord Tennyson, great Test Match cricketer; Lord Dufferin; Air Marshal Inglis; and the Hon. Mrs. Weir, whose two lovely children were with her.



Viscount and Viscountess Lambton

Harlip

The marriage last August of Viscount Lambton, son of the Earl of Durham, and Miss Belinda Blew-Jones, was announced recently. She is the daughter of Major D. H. Blew-Jones, of Westward Ho!, North Devon, and Mrs. Violet Blew-Jones. Lord Lambton, invalided out of Sandhurst, now works in a Government training centre

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

to be, very active; the rapid giving out of all gasoline threatened to immobilise everything. Co-ordination was bad in the higher ranks of the Army: even with the Japanese expected at any moment, two generals commanding two different islands refused to communicate: they had been on bad terms since their West Point days. Lieut. Kelly's account of his failure (at a most desperate crisis) to get so much as a word with a general deep in talk at a well-stocked bar is haunting. As against this, civilians showed good morale, and the up-country Filipinos proved trustful and loyal friends.

The courage of the "expendables" (who paid for other men's blindness) stands out magnificently. There are pictures of life in the tunnel hospital at Corregidor, "the Rock," to which Kelly was sent, as a case of bad poisoning, and where he fell in love with one of the nurses, Peggy, whose ultimate fate is not yet known. There are pictures of life off and on island beaches: diet—canned salmon, tomato (a unique treat) and, for some days in one place, fantastically, ice-cream. There is an exciting account, by Bulkeley and Kelly, of General MacArthur's escape. Every page of this book is tense—and the tenseness gains because the narrators are so matter of fact. . . . It used to sicken the men to listen in to the news and to hear their desperate exploits magnified into "victories." Yes, the story is dire—but it is epic. Here are men and women of whom America must be proud.

One point, you must watch the inverted commas closely. If you fail to see that a new speaker has taken up, and is supplying the other side of a story, you are, here and there, likely to find yourself confused.

Home Front

AFTER this, *House-Bound*, by Winifred Peck (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), makes quiet, but none the less good, reading. Lady Peck is, as her publishers point out, in the front rank of our "domestic" novelists, and the rare enjoyment that I got from her writing reminds me how the domestic novel has, lately, lapsed—at one time it was the English literary forte. Why should the home, these days, have so scanty a literature? We get, it is true, many farcical stories of home life, and a certain number of sub-sentimental ones; we get dramas of family hate and conflict, and spirited tales of young people of either sex fighting clear of the clutches of octopus-relatives—the Victorian father, you may have noticed, has been succeeded by the Freudian mother: if one parent does not bully, the other clings. . . . But the good home novel—that renders lights and shades truly, that makes us aware of the current that runs under everyday things, that touches those deep-down dramas that are not allowed to disturb the equable surface—such a novel is rare.

The plot of *House-Bound* sounds simple enough. Rose Fairlaw, a Scottish lady who has always lived comfortably, decides to do without servants, owing to war conditions. Her husband—kindly, unintimate, urbane—is dismayed; her friend, Linda Carr-Berwick, prophesies failure. An apparently rather egregious, but surprisingly shrewd, American army doctor, Major Hosmer, weighs in with advice. "Castleburgh"—a city you cannot but be expected to recognise—is the scene of the story. The Fairlaws' house, though till lately pleasant to live in, proves, at close quarters, far from easy to run, and Rose, a fine-strung, though very courageous, creature, finds herself prey not only to weariness of body, but to intense, enclosing weariness of the soul. She feels she ought to be able to rise above this. But can she? No one believes she can. Laws House (Rose's home) became so real to me that I could hardly believe I did not live there myself. And more, there is a dignity in the book that made me feel "this is about something important." In the course of the lifelike conversations, unexpectedly vital questions come to the top. Rose's relations with her three grown-up children—the two sons, the difficult daughter—could not be better drawn. Poor Flora is a masterpiece; so, in a different manner, is Mrs. Childe, who "obliges" for a few hours a day.

London Village

It took, I believe, the blitzes to make Londoners conscious of the identity of their different "villages," and of the neighbourly strength to be drawn from these. The tragic wiping-out of physical landmarks often made psychological landmarks stand out stronger. Mr. Robert Henry's *A Village in Piccadilly* (Dent; 12s. 6d.) provides a vivid record of such an experience. His district is Shepherd's Market, dominated by the height and windows of the great block of flats in which Mr. Henry, his wife and their two-year-old son lived during those strange months of 1940 and '41.

Mr. Henry (author of *A Farm in Normandy* and editor of the *Rothschild Letters from Paris*) has a keen feeling for local atmosphere, for personalities and for London history. He has also the columnist's eye for the telling. *A Village in Piccadilly* is, thus, delightful: a bouquet that high-explosives have hardly singed at all. The photographic illustrations and the gay, nursery-style street maps add to one's pleasure. A book to enjoy and own.

Club-Women

IN *Murder Down South*, by Leslie Ford (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.), three Northern American club-women go on tour (called "pilgrimage") to the glamorous town of Natchez, which teems with old Southern feeling. Cornelia Cartwright (club president, and a true Hokinson type, with a "six-corsage bosom") comes to a sticky end. Meek Miss Letty, with her mystery locket, is far from kindly received in her old home. The trip looks like resulting in a pogrom of club women, and nice Grace, the narrator, barely survives (though, of course, she would have to) to tell the tale. . . . A good Leslie Ford—which says much.



Men's clothes by
There may be some difficulty in
obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies
are limited owing to the necessary
restriction of all civilian wear.
Drescott
But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



The Gala Powder Box is always appreciated by travellers, as it is very economical to use. An illustration of the same appears above. It is fitted with a little hole and cork which renders it spill-proof, so that it may be carried in a bag with complete safety. The powder is made in nine shades to tone with Gala lipsticks; they have the same name shades. Ember is regarded with favour for use during the winter. Attention must likewise be drawn to the Gala Lipstick, as the merest touch adds character to the mouth. Furthermore, its use in moderation is an asset in maintaining morale in wartime



Since the beginning of the war many surprises in the world of dress have appeared. Simpsons, Piccadilly, must be congratulated on the model above, which suggests a coat but, nevertheless, is a dress, hence it successfully fulfils two missions. It is carried out in a variety of reliable tweeds; and another point in its favour is that it may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. The neck line is reinforced with a turnover collar, and the sleeves with neat cuffs with button-through fastenings. A feature here is made of the "odd" skirt and coat in bold checks, and it seems almost unnecessary to add that they are admirably tailored. Outfits for men and women in the Services have been carefully considered



"Something different," nevertheless in harmony with wartime economy, is needed by women, and Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, are making a feature of such clothes that are non-committal in character. The introduction of colour banishes monotony and allows for remodelling in the future. There are a host of possibilities to explore in the dress on the left, which is expressed in a fancy marocain. Again there are white and other wedding dresses—they are attractive and simple. Neither must the bridesmaids' frocks be overlooked. They are practical affairs; there are very many variations on the peg-top theme. Naturally, the true tailored suit is well represented



AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Clutter

Is it a fact or a fiction that the tendency to clutter up aircraft with odds and ends increases with increasing age? The older an officer the more anxious he appears to be to load down the machine with numerous accessories and with additional ammunition and equipment and the less interested is he in the aircraft's air performance. It is after all a human trend. The infant, mewling and pewking, has no interest in anything but the essentials of life, and likewise the aircraft which has just been born has little interest in anything but its air performance. But as it grows up it accumulates odds and ends and it becomes possession conscious so that the machine that has been in service for a few years finds itself, like the schoolboy's pockets, to be loaded with bits of string, knives, pocket books, diaries, pencils, tobacco tins, matches, envelopes and the rest. Or if you prefer it, it finds itself, like the successful man, to be accumulating land, and properties, and possessions including farms, houses, motor cars, and, for all we know, chorus girls. The effect on the aeroplane is to destroy or diminish its air performance and one of the things that was noted in the war of 1914-18 and has been noted again in the present war is that the operational squadron tries to throw away as many of these accretions as possible.

Naval Aircraft

ABOVE all other machines the naval aircraft has suffered from this pride of possession and some machines which fastened upon or were foisted upon (according to your political views) the Royal Navy have collected odds and ends as a Hoover collects dust. They have become ludicrous in appearance owing to the manner in which equipment has been plastered all over them and they have become pathetic in performance for the identical reason. Only recently have naval pilots managed to make their voices heard clearly enough to force the authorities to realise that their well-meant efforts to turn these aeroplanes into

compendia of all the sea-air virtues have been mistaken. The Seafire, therefore, marks a stage not only in the performance development of ship-borne aircraft but in the attitude of mind of those responsible for these machines. For this is a genuine performer. If naval pilots are politically strong enough they will insist that future aircraft designed for Fleet Air Arm use shall also be performers and not Walker's barrows of odds and ends.

Markings

IT may seem ungrateful to harp on one small subject of criticism when the Air Ministry has done so much good for us, but I cannot help referring once again to the question of aircraft markings. We are still apparently in an interim state without any clear definition of what is the Royal Air Force marking at the present time. The famous roundels, red upon white upon blue with each colour of approximately equal width, were superseded some time ago in actual Royal Air Force machines by the roundels, red upon white upon blue, with the white narrowed down to a fine line. The whole was still put upon the yellow background which was used at a much earlier date. No official reason or excuse was given for this change, which many people thought highly undesirable. Today we find advertisements officially sponsored by the Air Ministry showing the famous and traditional markings as they used to be and yet we see Royal Air Force aircraft flying overhead with the new markings.

Is it too much to ask the authorities to give us a final decision as to what is the marking representative of the Royal Air Force? It was in the highest degree undesirable that there should have been any playing about with these markings in the first place. The excuse offered that in their original form they marked out the



A Christening Picture

Diana Susan, baby daughter of W./Cdr. William M. Penman, A.F.C., R.A.F., Scottish Rugby International full back, and his wife, formerly Peggy MacCorkindale, was christened at Christchurch, Roxeth Hill, Harrow. Mrs. Penman won the Junior Scottish Lawn Tennis Championship in 1938

aircraft too clearly was weak. If there had been anything in this excuse why should the yellow roundel encircling the original three roundels ever have been introduced? The fact is there was illogical and muddled thinking about the whole affair. It was found at first that mistakes occurred in recognition and it was thought that they were due to the roundels not being clear enough, hence the yellow encircling roundel. This was to throw up the markings more clearly. How then can it be argued later that the white circle is too visible? The Department of Air Change about which I have complained before was at work in this case and as usual its activities were undesirable and unnecessary.

Contraprops

STRAIGHT slipstreams soon be the order of the day, the reason being that curling slipstreams tend to twist the tail off some of the latest and most high-powered aircraft. It was found in the early days of twin-engined machines that high-powered engines tended to produce upon the tail certain vibrations which were inclined to weaken the structure. When opposed handed engines were introduced by the Americans, the port engine running one way and the starboard the other way, some of these effects were eliminated. May it not be possible that similar improvements will occur when the contraprop becomes general in small, single-engined machines? There are other more obvious advantages in straight slipstream. For instance, swing at the take-off should be eliminated and the control of the early part of the run should be improved. In Fleet work the advantages of the contraprop would certainly be very great indeed for one of the most important features in deck-operating machines is that of an absolutely straight take-off run.



A "Converter" in action at one of the Brockhouse branch Works where Steel castings are manufactured.

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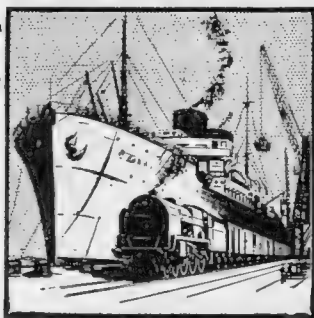
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Stories from Everywhere

A MAN who had led a not very pious life died, and went below. As soon as he got to the nether regions he began to give orders for the changing positions of the furnaces, and started bossing the imps around generally.

One of them reported to Satan how the newcomer was behaving. So Satan sent for him.

"Here," he said, "you act as though you owned this place."

"Certainly I do," replied the man, "my wife gave it to me while I was on earth."

A COUNTRY girl got a job in an office. When she was sent to answer the telephone, which she had never used before, she took up the receiver, and on hearing someone at the other end say "Hullo!" she answered back, "Oh, hullo!" and hung up the receiver.

When the manager asked who had telephoned, she said: "Oh, just somebody that knows me."

"THE Prodigal Son" was the subject of the Sunday school lesson, and the minister, who had paused to visit the infants' class, was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amidst all the enjoyment," said the preacher, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy; to whom the prodigal's return gave no happiness, only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast and had no wish to attend it. Now, who can tell me who this was?"

Silence for several moments, then a hand was raised and a small sympathetic voice said:

"Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."



Swabe

Andrew Roberts is Christened

The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts was christened at St. John's Wood. Mrs. Roberts is Roberta Huby, stage and radio artist, and her husband, now in the Army, was formerly on the stage

THE comedian was working hard, but he had not "got" his audience. After reeling off a string of jokes, all of which fell flat, he lost patience—a fatal thing to do.

"Blimey!" he exclaimed bitterly. "You folk don't seem to know how to applaud. Why don't you clap? Are you all handcuffed?"

"Handcuffed!" drawled a bored voice from the audience. "Why, you haven't even arrested our attention yet!"

"PETERBOROUGH," in the *Daily Telegraph*, tells the following anecdote:

A Guards officer tells me that recently he was detailed to meet a trainload of American soldiers arriving at a wayside station "somewhere in England."

When the train came in an American officer alighted, came up to the R.A.S.C. officer and said: "Waal, Captain, what do you want me to do now?" The troops could be seen meanwhile getting on their equipment and preparing to alight.

The American officer was instructed to get his men off the train, form them up and march them to some trucks waiting outside the station.

"Oh, is that all? O.K.," he said, and pulling out a large whistle gave a shrill blast. The train at once pulled out of the station.

THE journalist was working on material for an article on Britain at war work, and was asking questions.

"You earn big wages now," he said to one man.

"What are you doing with the money?"

"I give it to my wife," was the sad reply.

"But surely you keep some for yourself?"

"No; there's a law against it."

"What law is that?" asked the journalist in surprise.

"My mother-in-law," was the still sadder reply.

"GEORGE," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, "I have received a letter from mother saying she is not accepting our invitation to visit us, and saying we do not appear to want her. What does she mean by that? I asked you to write and tell her to come at her own convenience. You wrote, didn't you?"

"Yes," said George, "but—er—I couldn't spell that word 'convenience,' so I made it 'risk!'"

"I WANT something really nice for a present," explained the shopper to the assistant.

"For your husband, madam?" queried the man behind the counter.

"No, from my husband," came the reply, sweetly.

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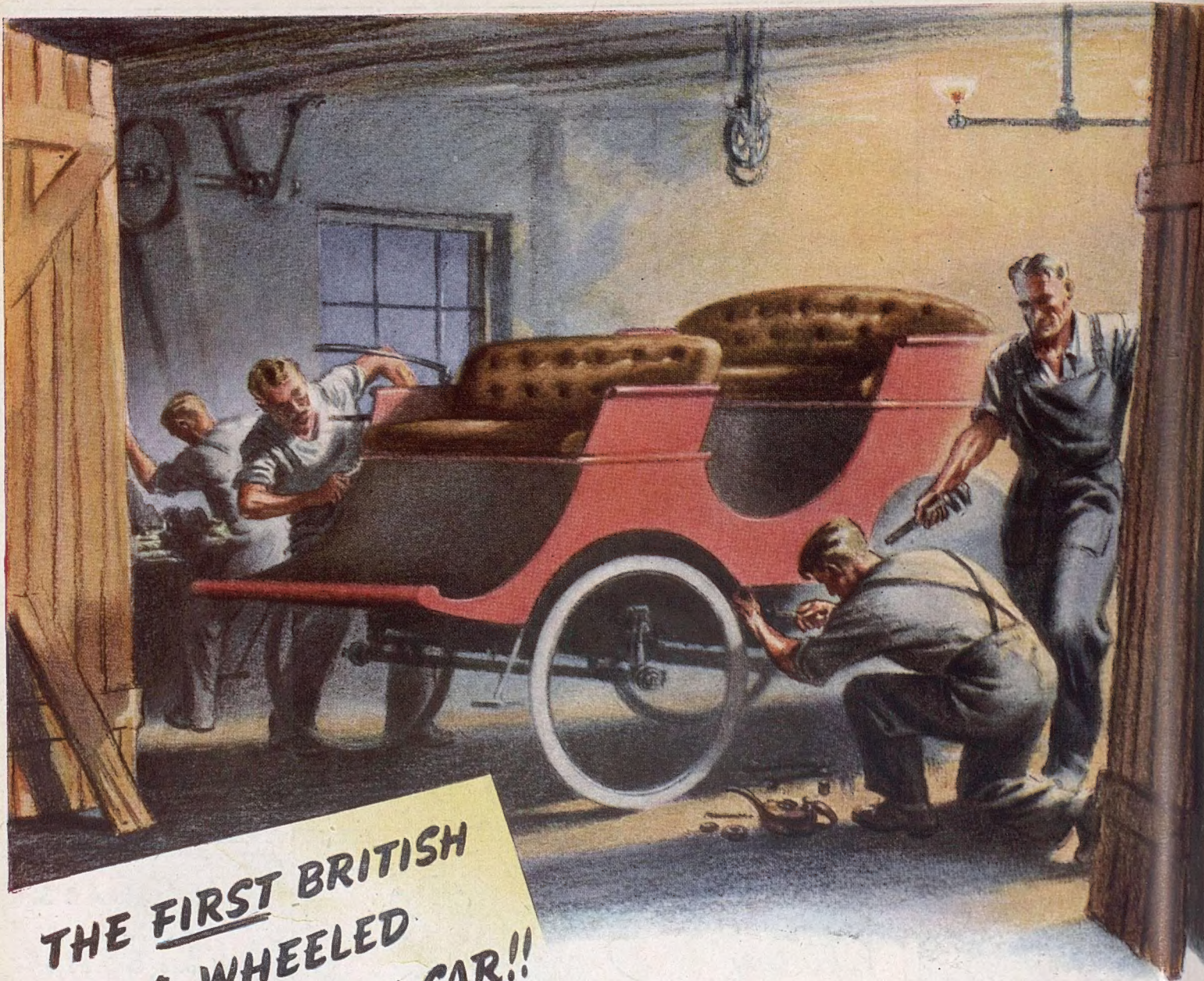
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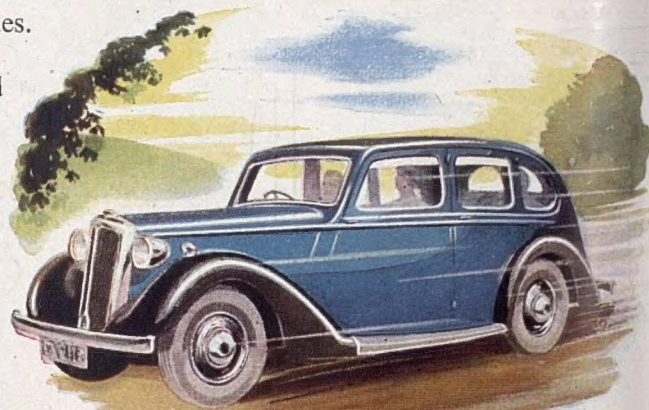
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